

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



BARTHEL WINKLER TELLS HIS TROUBLES TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

## BARTHEL WINKLER.

A TALE OF HESSE DARMSTADT.

ABOUT the middle of the 18th century, when Landgrave Ludwig VIII ruled in Hesse Darmstadt,\* there lived, in a village some ten or twelve (English) miles from his capital, a schoolmaster, in whose dwelling

\* From 1739 to 1765.

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—we speak not of his school—there was no lack of children, but, alas! a great paucity of the where-withal to feed them.

Now, though eleven healthy children are assuredly a joy and a blessing, more especially when they are well-conditioned in mind as well as body, yet, when the supply on the paternal board bears no sort of just proportion to the healthy appetites of the young mouths which surround it, the hearts of the

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

parents can scarcely fail to be burthened with heavy cares, while their naturally frolicsome little ones make a premature acquaintance with the hardships of life. Such, alas! was the case with Barthel Winkler and his family.

Sixty guldens\* in money, twelve bushels of barley, a very small garden, and a few roods of land for potatoes and rye, constituted the yearly stipend of the worthy man. And, small as this may appear in these our days, it was by no means so in Hesse Darmstadt a century ago, but was, on the contrary, esteemed one of the best school endowments in the land. And yet, even with this unusually good salary, to afford the most frugal sustenance to a "baker's dozen" (which all the world knows means thirteen) of healthy human stomachs, required no small exertions, of not only contrivance and good management, but of anxious saving and stern self-denial.

But Barthel Winkler was peculiarly well fitted for this difficult post, both as being a truly pious man, and one whose cheerful temper ever disposed him more to thanksgiving than lamentation; and when he had, with childlike reliance on his heavenly Father's providential care, commended himself and his little home congregation to the protection of Him who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, Barthel could hasten to the morning duties of his school with a heart freer from anxiety than many a far richer man. His wife was, on her part, careful, industrious, and self-denying to the last degree; and yet there came, not infrequently, times when the slices of bread which she cut into the barley-meal gruel, for the family breakfast, were so transparent that they might have been employed to look at an eclipse of the sun with. At such times the mother's breast would involuntarily heave with an audible sigh, and then the father would start up, declaring that *somehow* he had no appetite that morning, and would go off fasting, to preside over his school.

But there came a morning when both parents looked out into the future with more of anxious care than they had ever felt before, and that was the morning on which Dame Winkler presented to her husband a fine sturdy boy, and said, with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her lip, "Barthel, it is the twelfth."

The schoolmaster replied, as he cast a look of the fondest affection on the pallid mother, "And Benjamin was Israel's dearest; but, still more gracious to me than to Israel, God hath preserved my beloved wife to me, and for that let us give thanks, as well as pray for this dear little one." And, overcome by an emotion in which joy and sadness were strangely commingled, honest Winkler knelt down and poured forth a stream of warm heart-felt believing thanks, intermingled with trustful intercessions for the mother and her new-born babe, his little Benjamin. And as he rose from his knees, and clasped the hand of his wife, and imprinted a father's kiss on the unconscious baby's brow, there were no more tears in the eyes, no more sighs struggling in the bosoms of either parent; both

seemed to have been relieved of a heavy, heavy weight, and the schoolmaster said, as he gently pressed his wife's folded hands: "Why torment ourselves, dearest? 'the Ancient of days' lives still. His arm is not shortened, nor his ear grown heavy; he is the father of all that call upon him, and never offers his children a stone when they cry unto him for bread.

'Whate'er our God hath made,  
That will he too sustain,  
And with his loving grace  
Both noon and night maintain,'

as the hymn says."

His wife looked up at the animated speaker, with a face beaming with tender affection and renewed hope, as she said: "Oh, Barthel, my heart feels so light now, and indeed it is quite true. Though we have often been in sore straits, we have never been in actual want; and *we* can bear it all still, can't we? if the children have but enough."

"Dr. Martin Luther," resumed the schoolmaster, in a tone of exalted feeling, "used to say, 'Where there are many children, there are many praying lips; and where there are many prayers, there is much of God's blessing too.'"

"Surely, surely," responded the wife, in a low voice; "and I will early teach this little one to pray; and you know, our blessed Lord says, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise is perfected.' No, no, He will never forsake us."

"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will help thee," saith the Lord, "and thou shalt praise me," rejoined the excited husband; and a soft "Amen" was murmured by his meek wife, as, with clasped hands and upward look, she pondered many of God's past dealings in her heart.

For a short time a deathlike stillness reigned in the chamber, for the bosoms of both parents felt the calm of a trusting faith diffusing peace and joy, as when a refreshing breeze mitigates, to the weary traveller, the oppressive fervour of a sultry noon.

But the little one stirred, and the mother, as she looked down fondly on him, said with a smile, "Oh, Barthel! there is great comfort in the proverb that has just come into my mind!"

"And which is that?" asked the schoolmaster.

"When God sends mouths, he sends meat for them,"\* replied she.

The schoolmaster, as he nodded assent, cast a glance of half pity, half fondness, on his fine baby boy, and then said with a sigh, "The father of a family has all sorts of *quandaries* to go through."

"How so?" exclaimed the mother, taken quite aback by such a comment on her comforting proverb.

"Why, just so," retorted he, though in good-humoured tone. "Where am I to go for godfathers,† I wonder? According to ecclesiastical use and wont, that little fellow must have two baptismal sureties for his Christian upbringing, and where they are

\* The German proverb, "Wenn Gott lässt wachsen ein Häselein, lässt Er ihm auch wachsen ein Gräselein," (literally, "When God lets a little hare grow, he makes also a little blade of grass grow for it,") is much more poetical than the English one given above, although it be its counterpart.

† The reader will bear in mind that the narrative refers to customs and usages in the Lutheran Church.

\* A gulden is about 1s. 8d. sterling.

to come from passes my comprehension; for our whole circle of friends is exhausted by the dear children who came before him; and that you know as well as I, Maggy. So let me hear your counsel in this strait."

"Nothing easier," said the mother, laughing. "Go to your good friend Wheelwright Rückert, in Darmstadt; I'll warrant he and his wife will consent, they are such kind friendly people."

The schoolmaster gave such a hearty slap on his thigh, that the buckskin breeches resounded with the stroke, and he exclaimed in high glee, "Thou art better at a pinch, wife, than a Nuremberg counsellor. I never once thought of the Rückerts; and to-morrow is, by good luck, forest-day,\* and of course a holiday in school, and so there is nothing to hinder me running into Darmstadt, and making it right with the good folk. But now I must really be gone." And so saying, he hurried from the room, to throw himself, as usual, with heart and soul into the duties of his calling.

## CHAPTER II.

LANDGRAVE LUDWIG VIII.] was a mild-tempered, kind-hearted prince, who, when in good humour, (and that was almost always,) dearly loved a joke, and particularly enjoyed himself whenever he could, like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, contrive to mingle, unknown, among the middle-class of his subjects.

The prince was an early riser too; and often, long before the good citizens of Darmstadt were stirring, might he be seen beyond the city gates, trudging along with walking-stick in hand, and clad in a plain green morning frock-coat, like some unpretending forest warden proceeding to make an early inspection of the state of his charge.

It was a splendid morning of June, 1750, on which the Landgrave set out, even earlier than his wont, to take a long walk into the country. The pearly dew still glittered on many a quivering blade of grass, or lay deep cradled in the calyxes of modest field-flowers, while the light summer air, floating over the grain-fields which bordered his path, wafted the sweet scent of the blue corn-flower towards the cheerful and active pedestrian. The deep blue sky was cloudless; and, high aloft, the soaring lark trilled her morning tribute of thanksgiving to her great Creator. Occasionally the call of a quail was heard, or the shrill pipe of a finch resounded through the air; a few labourers, too, enlivened the scene, hastening to their field labour; and, early as was the hour, the summer sun made its power felt, and the Landgrave struck out lustily, in order to reach a little wood, still at some distance, in the shade of which he proposed resting in a sheltered nook, where, he well remembered, a mighty block of granite lay ready to receive him.

In cheerful mood, and with elastic step, the prince hastened onward, rejoicing not a little in the

refreshing coolness which greeted his entrance on the wood, and anticipating still greater enjoyment when the rustic seat should be reached. The greater, therefore, was his disappointment, when it at last came into view, to perceive that it was already occupied. But though annoyance was his first emotion, such a feeling could not rest long in the bosom of the good-natured prince. And so, muttering to himself, "Every weary wanderer has an equal right to the stone, and when this one rises it will be my turn," he advanced towards the occupier of the coveted resting-place.

The man on whom the prince, on his nearer approach, cast a scrutinizing glance, seemed turned of forty; his garments, though a good deal the worse for wear, were whole and scrupulously clean, and his whole appearance proclaimed him neither a peasant nor a Darmstadt citizen.

"A country schoolmaster, perhaps," mentally ejaculated the Landgrave; and, going close up to him, he gave the resting stranger a friendly "good day."

The occupier of the stone sprang to his feet, took off his hat, and returned the greeting with a profound, though somewhat confused bow, as he was trying to hide a slice of dry bread, with which, as the Landgrave plainly saw, he had been appeasing his morning appetite.

"Pray keep your seat, sir," said the prince, in a kindly tone, on whom the man's open countenance and clear steady eye had already made a favourable impression; "you are doubtless fatigued."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Forestwarden—if I am not mistaken," said the addressed person, with a half-questioning air as to the propriety of the title he had given the stranger, and, reseating himself as desired; "I am both tired and hungry, for I have walked a good bit this morning, and it was too early for breakfast when I left home; and so that makes 'hare's bread,' as the children call a dry crust, go down wonderfully well."

"I can well believe it," said the Landgrave. "Where are you from, then?"

Barthel Winkler—for we need not tell our readers that it was he—told both the name of his village and his own, adding, "Schoolmaster, at your service, sir." But now, perceiving for the first time that the gentleman leaned heavily on his walking-stick, he again started up, and, pointing to the stone, said respectfully, "You are tired also, Mr. Forestwarden, I suspect. I have rested long enough; please to take my place."

"Thank you," said the Landgrave; "but I think," he added, in a kindly, familiar tone, "there is room enough for us both, if we sit close; so sit down beside me, I pray."

That was a freedom which the honest schoolmaster could not at all bring himself to take, until the Landgrave, declaring that in that case he too would remain standing, our friend Winkler was compelled to consent.

Such close proximity begat confidence; and the Landgrave soon began a familiar chat, with the question, "And where are you bound for this morning, Mr. Winkler?"

\* In many parts of Germany, special days are appointed for delivering fuel from the forest gratis to the very poor, and at low price to the class above them. On those days the schools are generally closed, to let the scholars help their parents home with the faggots.

"To Darmstadt?"

"What! have you, perhaps, some petition to present, some government favour to ask?"

"Well, yes, and no, Mr. Forestwarden," replied Winkler cheerfully, "just as you take it. From the government I will assuredly ask nothing, although I could ask a great deal, perhaps; and yet I have a great favour to ask when I get to Darmstadt."

"And what may that be?" questioned the prince further.

"Ay, ay, that is such a curious piece of business as, I dare to say, never came across you before, Mr. Forestwarden."

"Well, then, let me hear it," interposed the Landgrave.

"Why, you see, sir," commenced Winkler, "my dear wife, the day before yesterday, presented me with her twelfth child—"

"Her twelfth!" interrupted the prince, with an accent of astonishment; "that is indeed a Jacob's blessing."

"Yes, indeed," said the schoolmaster, smiling at the vividness of his listener's surprise; but a quick-following, half-suppressed sigh did not escape the quick ear of the attentive Landgrave.

"But go on with your story; what do you want to get at Darmstadt?"

Winkler scratched behind his ear, gave a hem or two, and then began, in some confusion: "Ay, Mr. Forestwarden, you bid me go on; but the *going on* is just the mischief. Eleven children, as you doubtless know, require, according to church rules and our country's custom, eleven godfathers and as many godmothers; and it is a large kith and kin that can furnish so many. And now, when they are all used up, comes No. 12, and there is no godfather or mother for it; for we dare not ask the same persons twice. And so, to say truth, my errand to the city is to look for a godfather."

"And have you any one in view?" asked the Landgrave, now really interested.

"Yes," replied Winkler, in a rather subdued tone, a friend of anno '20 or thereabout; we went to school together, but have scarcely met since, and he is married and settled in Darmstadt."

"But you expect him to consent?" said the Landgrave. "You do not fear a refusal?"

"I should feel surer of that if it were not for the plaguey proverb," returned Winkler, with a perplexed air.

"What proverb?" asked the Landgrave.

"To stand godfather, is mighty nice,  
If 'twere not for—the plaguey price!"

repeated the schoolmaster.

"Nonsense," cried the prince; "that cannot be such a costly affair."

"For those that have the means, of course not," retorted the schoolmaster; "but—"

"Well, then, it is a Christian duty," broke in the Landgrave; "and if your good friend of anno '20 should prove mulish, I have a great mind to offer myself and my wife in his stead," said the prince, with a comical twinkle of his eye.

The honest schoolmaster started up, and, gazing

fixedly in the Landgrave's face, said, with an agitated voice, "I cannot believe you are the man, sir, to jest with so sacred a subject."

"That were a despicable attempt at wit," said the Landgrave with a smile. "No, no, my good man, I am in full earnest; and if you are willing to strike hands upon it, the matter is settled, and you need not run any risks with your Darmstadt friend." So saying, the prince held out his hand. The schoolmaster's came down upon the offered palm with a sounding slap, and then returned thanks for the great honour which Mr. Forestwarden did him, in standing godfather to his Benjamin, in the finest language he could command, ending with, "But whom have I the pleasure of thanking?"

"Oh, thanks are quite superfluous," replied the Landgrave; "it is neither more nor less than a Christian duty, which I perform with pleasure for a worthy man, and I can answer for my wife, too, without further question."

Winkler made a deep obeisance, while joy danced in every feature, and then renewed the attack. "Pardon me, highly honoured sir, when I respectfully repeat my question as to your name, with which I am unacquainted, but of which I must inform our clergyman, that he may inscribe it in the baptismal registry."

"Quite right," rejoined the prince; "I had not thought of that. Well, then, I am called Ludwig Landgrave; and as for my wife's name, the clergyman will leave a blank for it till the time of celebration, when I can myself direct him how to write it in: will not that do?"

"Oh, surely, surely! When does your honour wish that the baptism should take place?"

"Why, the day after to-morrow is Sunday," said the Landgrave, "and that would suit me well, as the common people do not generally commit any forest trespass on that day."

"Oh, that is excellent!" cried the schoolmaster, in high spirits; "that will give us time to get things a little in order; but, as all the children in our family are baptized in the morning service, may I venture to hope that you will condescend to take your soup with me? You may count safely on the very best I can give. Bacon and eggs, and sour kraut, and a cake, too, if my eldest girl can manage it, shall not fail. But your lady wife—may I hope she will have the condescension?"

"Of course, of course, my good friend. But, according to my idea, the godfather is in duty bound to provide all that belongs to the christening, feast included; so, neither baking nor boiling, I beg. I will either send or bring all that is needful, and you may depend on all being in good time. There's my hand upon it."

Right heartily did the delighted father shake the forest warden's proffered hand.

"It is customary hereabouts," resumed the Landgrave, "at least I think I have heard so, to put some little gift into the lady's bed and the little stranger's cradle; but, as our christening alliance has been made in such an off-hand way, 'under the greenwood tree,' you must allow me to defer that ceremonial till I come on Sunday morning."



"You make me quite ashamed, dear sir," stammered Winkler; "you leave me nothing to do."

"Why really, with twelve *convives* at your everyday board," said the Landgrave, good-humouredly, "you seem to me to have your hands full enough to content you. I have no such large family, and a higher salary, I suspect, so don't distress yourself about my christening burthen. But what is your salary? I feel curious about it, and my prospective sponsorship gives me some right to your confidence."

From so kind a friend urging so kind a plea, Winkler could not have concealed anything, if he would; but, truth to tell, his heart was so full that it was a relief to speak out, and so he gave a history in full of all his difficulties, all his straits, all his hair-breadth escapes from starvation, all his own and his wife's dexterous shifts to keep the wolf from the door, not omitting to dwell with pious thankfulness on many an unexpected providential deliverance. His tale was listened to, not only with the deepest attention, but the warmest interest; and, had Winkler been less absorbed in his relation, he must have been struck with the strong emotion, the deep pity, and even the cordial admiration, which alternately painted themselves on the countenance of the Landgrave, as he listened to the simple detail of patient suffering and of pious resignation which the schoolmaster unconsciously set before him. But Winkler was far too much engrossed with the recollection of the outward difficulties and inward conflicts which this rehearsing of the true story of his life called up, to bestow a passing thought on the effect of his communications; he truly felt and yielded to the strong impulsion to unburthen his mind to a being who had seldom crossed his path, viz. a sympathizing friend. But, suddenly recalling the shortness of their acquaintance, he stopped short, saying: "You must kindly pardon me, honoured sir, if I have wearied you with this outpouring of a father's heart. You requested it, and—it has done me so much good! To my peasant neighbours it would not do to unbosom myself; and to whom else?"

For several minutes, which perhaps seemed an age to Winkler, the Landgrave sat silent, apparently lost in thought, while he drew all sorts of figures with his cane in the sand at his feet; and many and various were the feelings which crossed and recrossed themselves in his agitated mind. At length, looking up wistfully in the schoolmaster's face, he said, "You may well say you could ask the government for a good deal; have you never made the attempt?"

"Once, indeed, I did try," said the stricken man, casting down his eyes to the ground, "but I got a refusal; and so I never made another application."

"Most assuredly it never reached the Landgrave's ear," said the prince hurriedly, as he looked fixedly at the schoolmaster; "he, I am positive—that is, I think—"

"Oh, quite sure, never!" interposed the schoolmaster, in a cordial tone, "for he is described by those who have access to him as a kind and benevolent prince."

"But why did you not go to him yourself?" requested the Landgrave. "It is always best to go to the fountain-head."

"What! I go to his grace the Landgrave? Oh, Mr. Forestwarden, how could such a thought come into your head? I could never have found courage to look his highness in the face."

The Landgrave smiled, and then said, as he rose from the rustic resting-place: "The sun is already high in the heaven, and I must be going, else my folk at home will be wondering. Now, therefore, do you return in God's name to your good wife, and bring her my hearty greeting and this here, that she may nurse herself well, and want for nothing." And so saying, the prince shoved into Winkler's hand something wrapped in paper, which he had, unnoticed by Winkler, contrived to abstract from his waistcoat pocket, and thus conceal from prying eyes.

"Next Sunday, please God," continued he, "we come to the christening; but let me have no baking of cakes, nor any other preparation of eatables, remember, for all that is my province; and now, God be with you. The Darmstadt journey is not needed now—eh?"

No one could be more joyfully aware of that fact than our schoolmaster; and so, with reiterated thanks for the token to his wife, and for the honour put on the whole family by the promised sponsorship, Winkler, with a light heart, set out vigorously on his way home, while the Landgrave, in higher spirits than he ever remembered to have felt, turned his steps towards his city palace.

#### OXFORD NEW MUSEUM.

It used to be customary among a certain class of public writers to sneer at the University of Oxford as obstructive and hidebound, doggedly bent on pursuing the old beaten track, and slow to yield to the progressive requirements of the age. There might be at one time some ground for this accusation, but very much has been done to remove it within the last ten years. Not only have four examinations been established instead of two; not only have two new supplementary "schools" been instituted (in natural sciences, and in law and modern history), through one of which—or else through the mathematical school—every candidate for a degree must pass; not only have the middle class been admitted to the benefit of a public examination for the title (not degree) of Associate of Arts; but the University has already expended the magnificent sum of £90,000 on a building devoted to the culture of the physical sciences. No university in the world can point to such an institution as the museum just opened in the "parks." It cannot fail to give a great impetus to the study of natural science in Oxford, more especially as several of the colleges have set apart scholarships and fellowships as rewards for this branch of learning.

The museum received a fitting inauguration some months ago, by being selected for the meeting of the British Association; and at the evening con-

*versaciones*, when lighted up and filled with a well-dressed crowd, moving about in all directions to observe the curiosities exhibited, it presented a sight which will not soon be forgotten by any of the thousands who attended.

The main building consists of a cloistered quadrangle of two stories, 112 feet square, the inclosed space being covered in with a glass roof, supported by light and foliated iron columns. In this area, of which a view appeared in the "Illustrated London News" for October 6th, 1860, will be placed the valuable collections which the university already possesses, but which, for want of adequate space, it has hitherto been unable to exhibit. The cloisters are richly adorned with sculpture, and with polished specimens of various British stones, arranged in their geological order; and round the quadrangle are placed statues of the most eminent natural philosophers of ancient and modern times. The capitals of the pillars in the arcades are well worth notice, being not mere conventional resemblances of the plants they profess to represent, but accurately copied from the living plant.

Connected with this central structure are three subsidiary buildings. One is devoted to anatomy and physiology, and is furnished with dissecting-rooms, etc.; another to chemistry, including a splendid laboratory constructed on the model of the celebrated old kitchen at Glastonbury Abbey; and the third is the Curator's house, at present worthily occupied by the Geological Professor, Phillips.

All along the cloisters, both upper and lower, are doors opening into lecture-theatres, class-rooms, and experimenting-rooms, intended for the various sciences. They are fitted up with all manner of appliances, and adorned with fresco paintings by members of the university. There is besides a noble library and reading-room, running the whole length of the *façade* (200 feet), and surmounted by a lofty tower.

In short, the museum is a building of which Oxford may be justly proud, and which tourists will do well to visit. The only part open to objection is the outside, which, to a critical eye, presents one or two defects. The porch and windows, however, are beautifully sculptured, and some of the carving has been presented by that great *arbitrarius elegantiarum*, the "Oxford Graduate," Ruskin.

#### THE CHRISTMAS INGLE.

MANY of our national festivals have become obsolete, or have fallen into decrepitude and decay, retaining not even the shadow of their original substance. Christmas, however, still holds somewhat of its original place amongst us, and, from its glorious associations, well it may. As we write, we can almost feel the huge bundle of labour falling from the shoulders of the nation, and see the millions of bright eyes and happy hearts giving silent yet universal thanks to Him who, from his lowly birthplace in Bethlehem, eighteen hundred years ago, inspired the song of songs, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

This great festival belongs not to city or country only—it is the heart-welling patrimony of all Christendom. It comes with all the geniality that the social heart can gather in and be merry with. It tunes the tongue of youth, till myriads of young voices sing, out of the abundance of their joy—

"Christians, awake, and greet the happy morn  
When Christ the Saviour of the world was born."

It blunts the edge of keenest, deepest sorrow, and whispers to the mourners that, over and above all human care and grief, there is a joy in the natal day of Him who became mortal, and walked and talked in the earth till darkness fled away, and God's great light shone forth for all time and ever. There will be vacant chairs in many a Christmas ingle, truly, but it is only the common lot of things. The pulsations of the universe will be the same; pain and sickness will not cease, nor death hold back his fatal shaft. But over the whole there will be, as there ever has been, a calm serenity, making pain less poignant, and the hand of the destroyer less cold and awful. These are no imaginings; we have felt much of it deeply and keenly.

We need hardly say, on the other hand, that joy will be more joyful and gladness more gladsome. Every heart that possibly can, will assuredly make holiday at such a season. The vast commercial world will nominally, if not generally, close its books; the banks will suspend payment for this day; and the million workers in the mart and workshop will throw down their tools, and breathe the pure air of freedom and pleasure for a season. In our very workhouses the poor will forget their poverty this day, and even in the prisons will be heard unwonted sounds of cheerfulness.

There was one Christmas Eve of our boyhood (how vividly it comes to recollection) which found the writer of this paper, at the gloaming, at his labour in the huge metropolis: our dear old native ingle and pleasant Christmas festival was twenty-four miles away in the Hertfordshire lanes. There was no railway then, nor any coaches running thus late in the evening. Our employer did not relish these holidays at all, and said as much to us, when we begged to be released early in the afternoon, so as to be able to walk home before dark. He might have consented, for that boy's heart of ours was at home already, and embracing the dear mother, who was sure to be ready with open arms to receive her weary, footsore child. Eight o'clock came, and in five minutes after we were on our way home—light of pocket and light of spirits also. The thronged streets were soon threaded, and with quickened steps we found ourselves at the outskirts of London as the clocks struck nine. The next strokes of time fell upon our ears from a far-off country churchyard, and they numbered twelve, and the half of our journey at the same time. It was a clear frosty night, and the wide world lay under its broad blanket of snow. Few sounds came either to cheer or sadden us; but we were going home, and that was the inspiring talisman. Now and again the solitary rattle of a sheep bell, from a neighbouring turnip-field or farmstead as we passed along, broke the monotony of silence. By and by, on reaching a quiet village town, we were cheerfully surprised

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to hear the first notes of a Christmas anthem in which we had joined when a boy in the country. Tired as we were, and anxious not to linger—the hour, the occasion, the blending of a number of fresh vigorous voices in the pure buoyant air, held us silent and happy till the last echo died away. We could see the old house at home a good mile off. A candle was in the window (we see it now) to let us know that the dear folks were waiting; and ere the old church clock struck three in the morning, we were snug in the Christmas corner.

AY, and we have spent a Christmas day in a debtors' prison. An unfortunate but truly honest friend found himself lodged therein when he least expected it, and for auld lang syne we considered it our pleasurable duty to make the circumscribed holiday as cheerful as companionship could suggest. We had spent occasional half-hours therein for some days previous, and anticipated a dull, dismal festival indeed, since the every-day life gave no hope of spontaneous heart festivity. But Christmas is Christmas all the world over. On entering the day-room, we were agreeably surprised to find it beautifully garlanded and festooned. The genius of the season had not failed to look into the debtors' prison, and give it a grace and comfort most cheering to dwell upon. Every dark, dingy corner was set off with lightness, and the whole room was as clean as a new pin. And that sort of self-satisfied carelessness (in some it is recklessness) which seems to cling to the skirts of these "unfortunate males" during such probation, had given way to a smartness of dress and bearing of person quite as agreeable as the decorations of the room. Loose language and ribald talk, wild mirth and riotous repartee, were eschewed as unfit for the happy occasion. Few but could display some seasonable present from those whose hearts yearned for them in their captivity; and with the present there was a sweet morsel of comfort folded tastefully in a Christmas envelope, and this was read again and again, till the walls of the prison resounded with seasonable mirth and enjoyment. Some sweet little family pictures there were also, where the grey-haired grandfather, long a dweller therein, or the vigorous man full of energy and sweet manhood, welcome each their kindred from childhood upwards, who had come to make a sunshine in that otherwise shady place, and render, as best they might, all honour to the joyful holiday. We anticipated gloom and sadness, and found instead, gladness and pleasurable sociability in the debtors' prison on that Christmas day, not so long ago.

We have in our mind's eye a cheerful-hearted hopeful woman of some forty years. Her home is in the country lanes. She is both wife and mother, without her husband. Some seven years ago he rushed off to the diggings to make a fortune in a month, and return home again in less than twelve. He failed, as many do in the world's vineyard, and the faithful wife has toiled hardly all these years to keep a house above his children and get them bread. There is a great heart-tear in her eye. She has this moment got a long, long-expected letter, and its burden is: "I am on my way home, and, all being well, shall be with you on Christmas day."

The whole struggle, the hopes, despairs, and heart-aches of seven years fade into forgetfulness at these cheering words; and every little festival plan is set about and accomplished to make the Christmas come very cozy and very glad. And thus it ever is. Distance can scarcely prevent it; money will be husbanded to accomplish it; time shall be set apart for it, if something less worthy should be postponed. "We will be with you at Christmas, God willing," is the burden of the national postman for weeks before the day dawns.

Then welcome Christmas—merry, cozy, genial old Christmas. As a hearty friend who has made the cycle of the world in three hundred and sixty-four days, we greet you on the threshold of the three hundred and sixty-fifth. Our right hand is held out to draw you in and welcome you to our family circles. Therefore, put your staff aside, sit in the great arm-chair, make the ingle cheerful with your smiles, while merry children climb upon or dance around your knee, and blushing maidens wreath your patriarchal head with glittering holly. Listen to the sounds of joy ringing through cottage and hall. The whole universal heart breaks forth into song at your presence. The humblest homes are set in order, the simplest hearts all open to receive you. Not a single cloud shall pass over the horizon of mirth. All enmities and bickerings—vast chasms of wrath and severance—shall be bridged over to make your passage pleasant and free to our national hearth. Youth, manhood, and old age, all join in one great chorus of love, till it fills the welkin and throbs in merry ripples across the world; for art not thou the earthly herald of the heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men?"

#### WINTER.

"There's not a flower upon the hill,  
There's not a leaf upon the tree,  
The summer bird hath left its bough,  
Bright child of sunshine, singing now  
In summer lands beyond the sea."

MARY HOWITT.

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,  
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall."

SIR W. SCOTT.

WHY has the redbreast stayed behind, and a few kindred species, to brave the winter with us, when so many of their cousins and congeners have departed to the summer lands of the sunny south? It seems singular at first sight that some should migrate to avoid the inclemency of the season, while others of not very different habit remain. But a little attention to natural history will explain the reason. Many species of caterpillars live through the winter; and in open weather, earth-worms and small slugs occasionally make their appearance. They form the principal food of soft-billed birds, like the redbreast, who can thus manage generally to get a meal when it is wanted, aided by crumbs at the cottage door. A sharp look-out is kept by the robin and the wren upon the roots of trees and

shrubs, for the caterpillars which lurk there, and upon the grass-plots in gardens, for an earth-worm astray from its hole; while the wagtail picks up a scanty living by the side of brooks and pools, from the small gnats playing about on fine days. But the winter supply of live insects would be altogether insufficient for the numerous soft-billed birds which frequent our woods and hedges in summer; and hence it has been ordained that the nightingale, the white-throat, and many others, should depart to better-provided regions, and not more remain than may in general obtain the means of subsistence. In Canada, the annual migration of birds is much more marked than with us, owing, doubtless, to the greater severity of the winters; and when the frost bites hard, while the snow lies long, our non-migrants are exposed to great privations, and many perish.

As migration is the wise contrivance of Providence to preserve birds from starvation, so hybernation or winter sleep has been benignly devised to enable certain animals, whose food fails them, to survive the season, as the frog, snake, lizard, badger, hedgehog, and bat. Frogs lie torpid in the mud at the bottom of ponds and ditches; the badger and hedgehog sleep away the time in holes of the earth; the bat retires to caverns, barns, deserted houses, and coal-pit shafts. But bats will bestir themselves whenever the warmth of the evening is equal to 50 degrees, for a heat of 45 degrees is sufficient to revive the gnats, which are their favourite food.

It is seldom that winter comes to us with much severity till the year as closed, or is drawing to a termination; according to the old adage, "As the days begin to lengthen, the frost begins to strengthen." Sometimes the whole season passes without any marked display of its distinctively rigorous features; and we should almost fail to recognise it, were it not for the nakedness of the woods and hedges. But after considerable intervals, we have

"A winter such as when birds die  
In the deep forests, and the fishes lie  
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when  
Among their children, comfortable men  
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;  
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old!"

The weather which God pleases to send is of course the most proper for us; but a season marked with intervals of frost and snow, not too protracted, may be regarded as the winter natural to our latitude and geographical position, most serviceable to the soil and the purposes of vegetation, and most conducive to general interests. When all without is wrapped in darkness, the night cold, the snow falling, and the blast howls eager for entrance, home comforts are endeared, especially the clean-swept hearth, with its enlivening blaze, and that social converse which, next to religion, constitutes the highest privilege and brightest charm of human existence. It is then we feel, if ever,

"My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,  
Oh! there's naught to compare with my ain fire-side."

And it is no selfish heightening of our own gratification, but a natural habit disposing the right-

minded to gratitude and sympathy, to exercise the imagination in picturing the less-favoured condition of others, and thus bringing the power of contrast to bear upon our circumstances, of which Kirke White portrayed an example:—

"Go with the cotter to his winter fire,  
Where o'er the moors the land blast whistles shrill,  
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;  
Mark with what awe he listens the wild uproar,  
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless  
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,  
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.  
Hear him compare his happier lot with his  
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,  
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow  
Beats in his face."

Since the bard of the Trent wrote, new modes of transit in the land have vastly diminished the number of night travellers, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the snow storm, in danger of losing their way, and of perishing in the drifts. Though thousands of the poor are reduced to great distress from failing employment and want of fuel, yet it ought to be distinctly recognised with thankfulness, that never was charity so active as at present in the relief of physical suffering, while the whole course of modern improvements has tended to abate the hardships of a bitter winter, by immensely increasing the proportion of comfortable dwellings and coal fires, as compared with the number in former times.

Notwithstanding rough experiences, a severe winter affords scope for joyous, healthy, and invigorating exercise on the frost-bound streams and pools, the delight alike of boyhood, youth, and manhood. Curling-matches on the ice are high festival-times in Scotland, as described by Graham:—

"Now rival parishes and shrievedoms, keep,  
On upland lochs, the long expected tryst,  
To play their yearly bonspiel. Aged men,  
Smit with the eagerness of youth, are there,  
While love of conquest lights their beamless eyes,  
New nerves their arms, and makes them young once more."

Skating, the English pastime, has not lacked a poet—Wordsworth—whose famous scene was first given to the world by Coleridge, quoted in the pages of the "Friend."

"And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile  
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,  
I heeded not their summons: happy time  
It was indeed for all of us—for me  
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud  
The village clock tolled six; I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,  
We biased along the polished ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle; with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.  
Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways; and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side





Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round."

However stern at times the features of the season, it often gives a glorious aspect to nature, and clothes the landscape with a garb of incomparable beauty, as when the snow shower has hung its fleecy locks thickly upon the woodlands, or a night of hoarfrost has given a silver fringe to every twig of the forest. Sometimes, in the depth of the Canadian winter, a brief thaw occurs, when a very extraordinary effect is produced upon the bare trees. The moisture formed on the bark during the day is frozen the next night; the trees are covered with an incrustation of pure ice from the trunk to the extremities of the minutest branches; the sun rising in the cloudless sky shines brilliantly upon the scene; and we are reminded by it of the inspired description of the place resplendent with the glory of God: "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, as it were transparent glass."

### HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHARLES THE SECOND'S LONDON.

GHOSTS of Charles the Second's London, from all dens and nooks and forgotten graves, from Pudding Lane to Pie Corner, rise and gather round me, prompting me as I write. Pepys and Clarendon, Sedley and Evelyn, Boyle and Killigrew—ye who shuddered to see the red plague-cross on the doors, or the yellow flames leaping from house to house—come to my elbow and guide my errant pen; whether ye come from Major Foubert's Riding School, out of Regent Street, or from the first coffee-house near Temple Bar—whether from far Kensington, where Newton died, or from Bow Street, where fashionable taverns once were.

These Charles the Second's ghosts, poor creatures! lose their way desperately in our modern London. Those who died before the fire, wonder at the huge column Wren "ran up" on Fish Street Hill. They look for the mad-house in Moorfields, for the green fields about Soho, for the gardens across the water, for old haunts long since vanished. They get so confused about the new St. Paul's, with a dome, of all things in the world. They miss the country lanes about Marylebone and St. Pancras, and the lovely quiet cottages at Clerkenwell and Islington, where people used to go to take the air, as we now go to Devonshire sea-side places.

Men of the plumed hats and cloth of gold sword-belts—of the tossing black wigs and laced boots—of the satin cloak and rapier—of the bunches of flapping ribbons—come, and I will lead you round your favourite haunts. Turn out of Fleet Street, gentlemen ghosts, and follow me.

Here is Whitefriars, your old sanctuary, where your penniless vagabond debtors had such clashing frays with your neighbours the Templars—now a quiet congregation of printing-offices and gas-

works. Further up the alley, near Temple Bar, to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where poor Lord William Russell, oh, my whig ghosts, lost his head, and where your nobles and courtiers lived, now a dusty square of chambers, with here a museum, and there a religious association. Now, down the Strand to Whitehall, you miss all but the banqueting-house, and in the Strand the May-pole is down, and a church built over it. What was then the Mall is now a string of club-houses; and it is no use taking you to the West End squares, for you know none of them.

Oh, gentlemen ghosts, England has not been idle since 1660. She has been busy working with her million hands—delving, piling, tugging at ropes—piercing earth for her metal bones. She no longer fills her palaces with wantons, and basset tables, and French pages, and negro boys, and every form that vice and slavery can assume. Go to. Our Quakers now no longer howl over the land, but are decent, portly, quiet merchandizers. The thumb-screw no longer squeezes out Scotch blood; dragoons no longer hound pious, prayerful men over the mountains and through the bogs. "Nous avons changé tout cela," gentlemen friends of Molière.

But, dismissing the ghosts, Charles the Second's London is too large a space for me to review in this narrow limit. I must therefore restrict myself to a rapid summary of the places of amusement in that bad reign, showing how differently distributed they are now to what they were then; for in the Carolan age, Regent's Park was a mass of dairy fields, and all beyond Clarendon House (Albemarle Street) open country. Holiday keepers then went to Foxhall, across the water—or to the Spring Gardens at Charing Cross; to the neat houses at Chelsea or to Islington—as a distant village—to drink sillabub and knap cakes. There was the old Exchange to shop in, and all sorts of City festivals to witness. Vauxhall—that charnel-house of old festivity, that haunted spot of bygone revelry, on the Surrey side of the Thames—was a merry laughter-ringing garden in Charles the Second's time. That graveyard of bricks and mortar, over against Millbank Penitentiary—once the baronial seat of King John's follower, Fulke, the Norman—was then called the New Spring Gardens, where citizens repaired on sunny holiday afternoons to eat cheese-cakes and spoon up delicious indigestion in the shape of white cream.

In the days when it was fashionable to go to suburban theatres, and to attend wrestling in Moorfields, and when rich merchants lived in Lombard Street and the lanes about the unpolluted river, the labyrinth gardens that the Black Prince gave to some favourite, and which the unlucky desperadoes afterwards rented, were visited by a rich bourgeoisie. The cits, in fact, over-dressed, pompous, and respectable, palpably well to do, with equally fair and well-to-do wives, and maids, and boys (for, after all, it was a simple hearty age), would repair to Fox Hall and the New Spring Gardens, to walk and show their silks and sword belts, and wigs, and ribbons, and paduasoy, gathering pinks and gillyflowers; and here, one eighth of May—the

king's birthday—the night of which was reddened by bonfires, our friend Mr. Samuel Pepys, that crafty and vain public servant, came also, with wife and girls, and finding nothing to eat but what was very dear and very long in coming, prudently tip-toed away again, without any notice.

And, encouraged by Mr. Pepys the prudent, they did the same at the New Spring Gardens, where the boy "crept through a hedge and gathered abundance of roses, and passed off without paying likewise; and at last for refreshment, went to an ordinary, partaking of cakes, and powdered beef and ale, at the house by the water, with much pleasure."

Also to the old Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, or the Mulberry Gardens, situated where Buckingham Palace now stands, came citizens in those plague days, in June, 1665, when the houses in Drury Lane began to be chalked with the dreadful cross, and the terror-striking "Lord have mercy upon us!" and when the fleet was in special danger from Admiral Van Tromp—anxious men came with sad faces to talk about the sickness and the seas, and the vessels in the Channel.

Oh! those dreadful days, when men's hearts failed them for fear, and the terrors of the last day seemed all but at hand—when great thriving citizens, coming in hackney coaches down Holborn, would sometimes find the pace slacken, slacken, slacken; till at last, the horses stopping outright, the citizen thrusts his head out between the heavy leather curtains, to see his coachman alight, and stagger to the window suddenly struck sick of the plague. With a heavy heart the frightened citizen alights, and enters another coach, but with scarcely much heart to enjoy that night, at Fox Hall, the humours of the Cocknies pulling off cherries and tossing off yellow wine.

A month more of the red crosses and burying of the dead in the open Tothill Fields, and now people with pale faces talk of nothing but medicines, and best friends make each other presents of plague water. There will not be a soul in the Spring Gardens when Mr. Pepys strolls in there, in dreary lack of amusement. "Lord, how everybody looks!" he says, "and the concourse in the street is of death and nothing else; and so few people going up and down that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken." And where, under the trees, there used to be laughing, quaffing, and glass-emptying, and sometimes sword-crossing, and oaths, and comedy songs, and all the wilful, wicked, godless people of that corrupt age danced and talked folly—there was now only a poor woman come to scold about a kinswoman dead of the plague and buried in the common pit, while her rank palpably demanded the churchyard.

There was, doubtless, at this time much the same ghastly talk going on in Cooper's Gardens, near the Banks, over in Lambeth, where ruthlessly the Waterloo Bridge now runs—those pleasure gardens that Cooper, a Scotch gardener of the Earl of Arundel, had opened, when Arundel House opposite was taken down. The fragments of the Arundel marbles lay gathering green mould in the low dry walks opposite Somerset House in those hot plague days, unheeded among the thriving laurels and the

tall seeding grass—those days when no cry was heard in the quiet streets but the dismal "Bring out your dead!"

"When things began to return to their own channel," writes Defoe, embodying the traditions of the time, "wonderful it was to see how populous the city was again all on a sudden; so that a stranger could not miss the numbers that were lost, neither was there any miss of the inhabitants as to their dwellings. Few or no empty houses were to be seen; or if there were some, there was no want of tenants for them. I wish I could say that, as the city had a new face, so the manners of the people had a new appearance. I doubt not but there were many that retained a sincere sense of their deliverance, and that were heartily thankful to that Sovereign Hand that had protected them in so dangerous a time; it would be very uncharitable to judge otherwise in a city so populous, and where the people were so devout as they were in the time of the visitation itself; but except what of this was to be found in particular families and faces, it must be acknowledged that the general practice of the people was just as it was before, and very little difference was to be seen.

"Some, indeed, said things were worse—that the morals of the people declined from this time; that the people, hardened by the danger they had been in, like seamen after a storm is over, were more wicked and more stupid, more bold and hardened, in their vices and immoralities than they were before; but I will not carry it so far either. If ten lepers were healed," adds the pious chronicler, "and but one returned to give thanks, I desire to be as that one, and to be thankful for myself."

London before the great Plague and great Fire was not divided into rigid city and west-end, as it is now. Prince Rupert carried on his chemical experiments, and had his audiences of discontented old cavaliers, and scraped his mezzotintos at his quiet house in the Barbican. Shifty Shaftesbury, the plotter and trickster, intrigued in Aldersgate Street, close to the quiet garden-house where Milton prayed and sang, conspicuous by the eight pilasters, and the work of Inigo Jones; it has seen many reverses—has been in its day a tavern, an inn, a hospital, and lastly a dispensary.

The stately Duke of Newcastle, the great tamer of horses, lived with his sublime dame in Clerkenwell. In Aldersgate Street also lived the Duke of Lauderdale and the Bishop of London; the city was fashionable then, and the Strand was the centre of French civilization.

The present Temple Bar, that so many ghosts nightly defile through, is not the one that was there when the fire shone towards it. The old bar was of timber, with only one entrance for foot passengers, and that on the Surrey (south) side. The present is from Wren's design, and is built of his favourite Portland stone; those black east-side statues that look towards St. Paul's, the work of one John Bushnell, are Queen Elizabeth and King James, and those on the west side Charles I and Charles II. Where the rain has fallen, and the figures look as if they had stretched out their hands to see if

it still rained, the stones are white and clean from sooty and fuliginous defilement. For all future great fires they are perpetually on the look-out.

The time when a gibbet stood in Connaught Place, when well-to-do men lived in alleys out of Fetter Lane, was wondrously different from ours. In those days London was fortified; the city had gates; a stone bridge ran over the Fleet, and joined it with Ludgate Hill. That dreadful fire mowed down 89 churches, 400 streets, and 13,200 houses in its four days' fury.

London is no more the London of before the Fire than it is the London of Cæsar. The one lies buried yards deep under the Mansion House and Exchange, and under the busy feet of Lombard Street money-makers; the other, palaces and hovels, all alike pressed down into a thin layer of charcoal dust under the huge weight of miles of streets—where once hedges of may-thorn thrived, trees grew and waved their plumes, and where birds sang and made merry.

### CANADA.

NEVER, in the annals of the realm, did the ocean separate a Prince of Wales from the land of his birth, till the recent passage of the Atlantic by Albert Edward, though many princes of the blood, and some heirs-apparent, have gone over the narrow seas to the adjoining continent. The voyages of the latter description have had various and very different objects in view. The first Charles Stuart crossed the Channel on an errand which the nation thoroughly abhorred—that of looking out for himself a Spanish bride—and returned, to the joy of the people, from the impolitic expedition, a disappointed suitor, meeting with no sympathy at humiliation having been added to failure. The second of the same name, while a mere youth, fled to an opposite coast in a time of political convulsion, to avoid sharing the calamities of his father, and came back, having learned no wisdom from years of exile, adversity, and dependence upon a precarious foreign hospitality. Centuries farther back, Edward the Black Prince, warlike son of a martial sire, went abroad as soldier and governor, to make his name a terror among those with whom neighbourly relations should have been cultivated. At a date still more remote, history tells a most mournful tale of a royal seafarer. Our Henry I parted from his son and heir at a Norman port, anticipating a speedy meeting with him again in England. The king crossed the sea, and landed safely at Southampton. Prince William, with a train of gay young courtiers, the flower of the nobility, followed in the "White Ship," a new vessel, manned by fifty able seamen, under the command of a mariner whose father had piloted the king's father, the Conqueror, in the same waters. But hours were spent on the deck in feasting and revelry before they set sail. Three barrels of wine were distributed to the crew, who abandoned themselves to riot and intoxication. Alas for the revellers! Owing to the helm being neglected, the ship was carried by the current against a rock, and became a wreck within sight of

land. None escaped to shore, with the solitary exception of a butcher of Rouen.

Considering the ordinary dangers of the seas, which no foresight can elude or prudence baffle, we are thankful to record the safe passage of the Prince of Wales over the great waters to and from Canada. With unmingled satisfaction the voyage may be regarded; enforced by no adversity, impelled by no warlike ambition, but intended to gratify the wishes of a right loyal people, and cement their union to the throne of the mother-country by the personal interchange of courtesies between them and the sovereign's first-born son—a visit, too, calculated to store the mind of the illustrious visitor with useful information respecting a magnificent portion of the great empire, which (though far distant be the time) he may be called upon to govern. The occasion invites a notice of the region, chiefly retrospective.

A century has just elapsed since the whole of Canada became British ground, by a capitulation which included the country from the fishing stations on the coast to the unknown western wilderness. It had been previously for a longer period in the possession of the French. They were the first Europeans who appeared on the waters of the St. Lawrence, and gave that name to the great river, from the discovery of its embouchure on the festival day of the saint and martyr. This was effected by the enterprise of Jacques Cartier, an experienced Bréton navigator, who reached the shore of Gaspé Bay in the year 1534, and erected a cross thirty feet high, with a shield bearing the *fleurs-de-lys* of France, thus taking possession of it for his king, according to the fashion of the time. During a second voyage, in the following year, he pushed his way up the stream to a bold headland frowning over it, part of a rocky wall three hundred feet high, and moored his vessel hard by in a convenient haven. With the exception of his three small barks and a little Indian village, the country seemed as if freshly come from the hand of the Creator. No other trace of man or of his works appeared. From the top of the highest eminences to the distant horizon, in every direction, down to the water's edge, the eye wandered over the dense forest; and hill and valley, mountain and plain, were covered with the deep green mantle of the summer's foliage. At this very spot there are now verdant pastures and cultivated fields, ships of war and merchandise, with a large and opulent capital—Quebec.

Leaving two vessels and their crews at the station intended for winter quarters, the adventurer proceeded up the river, anxious to make further discoveries. He reached the native town of Hochelaga, ascended a lofty hill in its neighbourhood, overlooking a prospect of singular beauty, and called the eminence Mont Royal. The name has since been corrupted into Montreal, and extended to the fine modern city on the site of the old wigwams, and to the island on which it stands. On a subsequent occasion he attempted to advance more to the westward, but was baffled by the difficult navigation, and only heard of a great lake in the distance—the fine expanse of Lake Ontario. Euro-

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pean eyes had now gazed for the first time on the grand rapids above Montreal, which are only to be safely passed by hardy boatmen familiar with them; on the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, at the rapids of St. Anne; and the numerous wooded islands, of every variety of size and shape, which divide the main stream into a labyrinth of tortuous channels. The Canadian Boat Song celebrates the scenery.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

"Utawa's tide, this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon."

The natives consisted chiefly of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, on the south bank of the river, independent of each other, but usually acting in concert to resist an enemy; of the Hurons and Algonquins, their hereditary foes, on the northern shore—tribes of the Red Indian family, whose fate forms one of the saddest chapters in the history of the sons of Adam. They gradually faded away before the whites, struck down by unknown weapons of destruction, consumed by the deadly fire-water, and ravaged by small-pox, while dispossessed of their hunting-grounds by the stranger, till only a remnant now remain, few and feeble, faint and weary, "fast travelling to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun."

The expeditions mentioned, opened a new region to knowledge; but more than half a century elapsed before its colonization commenced. This was the task of Samuel de Champlain, the agent of a French trading company, who gave his name to the beautiful lake in the State of New York, which perpetuates his memory. On the 3rd of July, 1608, he arrived at the high rocky wall of the St. Lawrence, where his predecessor had moored his barks, and immediately chose it as the site of the future capital. Experience has amply shown the wisdom of the selection, the position being nearly impregnable, while completely commanding the navigation of the river, and quite as much adapted for commerce as for war. Having felled a few trees, and uprooted the wild vines, some rude huts were erected in which to pass the winter. The first snow was seen on the 18th of November, but rapidly melted away. It fell again in December, and remained upon the ground to the end of April. From that time to the present, the climate has exhibited much the same rigour. The new settlement made very slow progress. In 1621, Quebec numbered only fifty souls, of all ages and both sexes, with a stone fort for their protection. Shortly afterwards, it was compelled to surrender to the English; but as peace had been signed at home before the capture, it was restored to the vanquished. For a hundred and thirty subsequent years, the country remained

in the possession of the French, under the too ambitious title of New France, for there was little material prosperity answering to the denomination. Its present permanent name, Canada, is either derived from the words *Aca nada*, meaning "nothing here," spoken by the natives, or from *Kanata*, signifying, in the language of the Iroquois, "a collection of huts"—a very humble appellation for a territory of 360,000 square miles, stamped with the grandest natural features.

One of the first objects contemplated by Pitt, afterwards the great Lord Chatham, when placed at the head of the British ministry, was the expulsion of the French from North America. He addressed himself to it with characteristic energy; and the early spring of 1759 witnessed the despatch of an armament to effect the purpose, with which large forces from our Transatlantic colonies were to co-operate. The latter settlements, started about the same period as the French, had at this time upwards of 1,300,000 inhabitants, while the population of Canada had only increased to 60,000. Of these, 6700 were in or immediately around Quebec, 4000 at Montreal, and 1500 at the little town of Three Rivers. The remainder were either in scattered homesteads along the fertile banks of the river and its tributaries, or fur-hunters in the vast wildernesses, scarcely less rude than the savages around them. Here and there might be seen a neat wooden church, the centre of a few farms closely bordered by the encumbering forest. Westward of Montreal there was no place of any importance. The fine tract of country on the northern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie had been but very partially explored. Where Kingston now stands, a few dwellings clustered around Fort Frontenac. At Niagara, a small village had grown up near the fort. But myriads of wild fowl had undisturbed possession of the Bay of Toronto, on the shores of which parliaments have met, and nearly 30,000 subjects are now gathered. Quebec consisted then, as now, of a lower town, on the beach of the river, and an upper, on the heights above. The latter contained the governor's palace, the citadel, the courts of justice, the bishop's palace, nine churches, the house of the Knights Hospitallers, the Jesuits' College, and the dwellings of the wealthy inhabitants. An unfavourable picture has been drawn of the habits of the colonists, and with truth. Indolence and drunkenness prevailed, to which the many holidays of the church were thought to have so much contributed as to lead to a reduction in the number of the fête days. Henri de Pont Brian, the Bishop of Quebec, in a pastoral address issued just before the conquest, referred to the threatened danger as a judgment provoked by the "profane diversions, the insufferable excesses of games of chance, open robberies, heinous acts of injustice, and shameful rapines."

[To be continued.]

#### MUSIC—PAST AND PRESENT.

WHILE poetry is the expression of the gifted few only, and the true art of painting is confined to a very limited number, the practice of music would

seem to be the patrimony of all who care to secure its often unappreciated privileges. Many have been the anathemas sent forth in condemnation of those who have no music in their souls :—

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concert of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils :  
Let no such man be trusted."

Fortunately for society, the instances are somewhat rare, even in this matter-of-fact island of Great Britain, where there is utter disregard of the power and good offices of music at the present day. England was never, is not now, creative in the higher reaches of harmony; but she is an excellent nurse, and has brought more foreign productions to full growth and perfection than any other country. As a nation, we must make the most of this fact, since there is another which goes to prove that, comparatively, we have but little native music. An able writer on music, and a musician himself, says: "The Irish and Scotch have a *native* music; but he who would find the original music of England must seek it in Wales!" True; but if this be not paradoxical, it is begging the question, since it is recorded of Haydn that he was so fond of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh melodies, that he harmonized many of them, and hung them up in frames; but no English compositions received the same honour.

The question so often asked and so variously explained, What is poetry? is more indefinite and less cosmopolitan than the question, What is music? At the glorious complement of creation the stars sang together for joy; and the great volumes of God and life are studded here and there with the exercise and power of music, in festival, battle, mirth, and mournfulness. We hear its holiest strains in the harpings of the royal shepherd; sweetest in the lyre of Jubal; stirring and inspiring in the song of Miriam: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea;" terrible in the destruction of the walls of Jericho. From the first morning anthem in Paradise to the last inspiration of prayer and praise to the Creator, music has been a part of the sacred ordinances. From the first battle and strife of men to the latest conflict, the inspiring aid of music has always been recognised, and in not a few instances has had a goodly right to share the honour of the victory. It is said—it never was gainsayed—that *Lulebolero* (see Macaulay's History) won the Revolution of 1688, and sent the unprincipled son of a bad father to exile. The mother will try long and wearily to rock the little one to sleep by merely repeating one of the most infantile nursery songs; but if she adds melody to the words, or if she extemporize a melody without words, the object is soon attained. Our latest oriental historian is both amusing and instructive in the facts he gives of the power even of a simple flute over the terrible rage of a troupe of caged elephants. There is an Egyptian rule, which sets down that "nothing but beautiful forms and fine music should be allowed to enter the assemblies of young people."

The writer is intimately acquainted with a preacher

(not an Englishman) who, in the preparation of an important sermon, would always put his body into good frame by hearing good music, not to the neglect of the heart's preparation by prayer and meditation. And, assuredly, the public had the benefit of it. Nor is this preacher alone. George Herbert, of whom it is pleasurable to record anything, went twice a-week from his parsonage of Bemerton to the cathedral of Salisbury for the pleasure of enjoying the choral services there. The grave Ralph Erskine was an enthusiast with his violoncello. The tradition is still current in Scotland, that a deputation from the more rigid of his humble flock waited on their pastor, to offer a respectful remonstrance against his indulgence in musical taste. The worthy divine did not condescend to argue with them, but, bringing the obnoxious instrument, he gave forth some of Scotia's old melodies, secular and sacred, till the excited feelings of his auditors found vent in alternate joy and weeping and exulting praise. At length, the spokesman of the deputation said that it was not the big instrument, but the "sinfu' wee fiddle," that could be objectionable. It was the "wee fiddle," however, with which the eloquent and estimable Bourdaloue used to relieve his studies. Luther's passion for music is too well known to be dwelt on here.

Admitting the negative position of England in her national songs, opera and oratorio, she is in cathedral music, old glees and madrigals combined, before all the world. The latter were much fostered in the reign of Elizabeth, and have been most popular ever since—an evidence of great national taste both in the exquisite harmony and eloquent quaintness of the subjects. Of cathedral music, and its importance to ecclesiastical worship as by law established, much has been written, and much more may yet be interesting. Byron says: "I always took great delight in the English cathedral service; it cannot fail to inspire every man, who thinks at all, with devotion;" a remark, by the way, which illustrates how much the mere æsthetic is often confounded with higher feelings.

On hearing the burial service of Purcell and Croft performed at Oxford, at the funeral of Dr. Kenicot, Hannah More says: "The choir service was awful, and almost beyond bearing." And it may be stated in favour of chanting, that Mrs. Fry, Robert Hall, and Adam Clarke invariably used to chant their sermons; and the most popular preachers of the present day, especially in Wales, adopt the same custom—and it is a very old custom, as old as the songs of the ancient bards. The writer has recently confirmed the fact in Pembrokeshire that "a Welsh sermon was delivered in which the preacher ascended to the minor sixth of the scale and completely intoned his oration, to the evident delight and satisfaction of his hearers." And the effect outwardly of this "hwyll" (pronounced *whoill*, not *howl*) upon the Welsh people is electric, and, to the stranger, startling. The whole history of these hardy sons of the hills seems to crowd upon you during one of these hwylys, and you feel that this has been the rallying spark in many a deed of noblest effort.

As to the antiquity of church music, Andrew

Marvel admits that the origin of the choral service can be traced to the year of our Lord 350, but this not in England. We have no English musical composition extant previous to 1400—"not so much as a single melody or dance tune." The earliest English song of which we possess a copy, was written on the Battle of Agincourt (1415), and is in the Pepysian library, Magdalen College. "We may observe," says a recent writer, "that the victor in this glorious passage of arms was a skilful musician, being a devoted lover of church music, and a performer on the organ." Indeed, we make but little show in musical matters till the days of masculine Bess, who was a good composer and an excellent performer. Some of her mss. will be found quite difficult enough of execution, at this present day of universal execution, and little else. Henry VIII, like his prototype Nero, was also an excellent fiddler. Charles I encouraged all the arts, (including music) as far as the troubles of his reign would give him opportunity. Oliver Cromwell "loved a good voice, and instrumental music also." Charles II established a band of twenty-four violins, out of which sprung our first great English performer on that instrument—John Bannister. And John Bannister first introduced public concerts into London about 1678. And thus, by slow steps, the way was being prepared for a new era in music, which was founded and established, as a universality, by the composer of the sublime "Messiah," not losing sight of the praiseworthy attempts of Sir Thomas Gresham and others, to make music a national feature of our social economy. It was left for Handel so to popularize what had previously been most exclusive, and to make England eventually the cradle for the expression of the noblest compositions of the greatest masters—and with highest success. Looking over the Life of Handel by a recent writer, we were struck with the melancholy close of his musical career. Several of his last compositions were failures. He had exhausted all his resources—he had spent the last penny of the ten thousand pounds which he had possessed—he had contracted debts—he could go no further—he was obliged to confess himself vanquished, to close his theatre, and (what was more grievous to so honest a man) to suspend his payments. This was a part of the cost of immortality to Handel, and the introduction of musical taste into England. Handel was a shrewd man, and no mean wit out of his compositions, and it may be that the following facts concerning his opera disasters may have turned his attention to a higher and nobler source for the employment of his great musical genius. In 1737, Colley Cibber says of opera: "The truth is, that this kind of entertainment being so entirely sensual, it had no possibility of getting the better of our reason but by its novelty; and that novelty could never be supported but by an annual change of the best voices, which, like the finest flowers, bloom but for a season, and when that is over, are only dead nosegays. From this natural cause, we have seen within the last two years, even Farinelli singing to an audience of five-and-thirty pounds." Victor Schoelcher, Handel's biographer, adds to this: "With a public so artistically ignorant as to grow

tired of the most beautiful works in a few days, it may be imagined how much, not only of genius, but moral courage and strength of will Handel required to undertake its musical education, and to cure it of the insatiable craving for novelty which was caused by that ignorance." The task was a gigantic one, and it was most nobly and perseveringly performed.

When but a young man, Handel followed his dapper little patron George II to England, "making" (to use old Fuller's words) "that place his mother, not which *bred*, but which *fed* him;" for in England he lived, wrought, died, and was immortalized. His fame as a composer had preceded him, and he was engaged, on his arrival in this country, to write operas for Aaron Hill, the manager of the theatre in the Haymarket. He afterwards, as we have seen, became his own manager and his own composer, writing, in all, some thirty-six operas. None of these, as a whole, were privileged to give the composer lasting fame, though a few of them, especially in parts, are appreciated to this day. Nevertheless, for a period of years Handel stuck to the stage with a power and pertinacity which overthrew and finally crushed one of the greatest musical cliques on record. This accomplished, Handel turned his attention to sacred composition. Already one of the greatest masters of instrumentation, as well as the most perfect performers, it was his to embody the earthly pilgrimage of the Messiah and other noble works in a language of musical expression, which, by their very eloquence and sublimity, will live through all future ages. Doubtless he saw also (for he was a wise as well as a shrewd man) that the Italians would eventually claim the lyrical stage almost as their exclusive right. Bidding the opera farewell, then, he began that nobler career which made his fame universal and his name a household word on every musical hearth in England. For it is an established fact that no musical performance, for the benefit of any charity or institution, will secure so full a house and such large receipts as the oratorios of Handel. We may add to these the "Creation" of Haydn, and the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn—both composers from the same land of sacred song, the land of Luther, and not Don Giovanni. Handel wrote in all twenty-four oratorios; but four only hold a prominent place in England. The lover of musical facts, however, will find that many of the best passages from both the less popular operas and oratorios were afterwards incorporated in those masterpieces now so constantly before the public. We have here, as the works of one genius, thirty-six operas and twenty-four oratorios, with which to lay the cornerstone of a universal love for music amongst us.

Haydn, the son of a humble cartwright, followed in the wake of his greater countryman some twenty years later, and identified himself with England in like manner. But he came into the field of sacred music late in life, producing his greatest work, the "Creation," at 63. After reading of the refusal of Handel, when poor and needy, to accompany the Duke of Tuscany to Italy, a land the young composer was anxious to visit, but not in the suite and employ of a patron, it is difficult to harmonize the

genius of the "Creation" with the following piece of rank-worship: "Haydn had already produced his first four symphonies, when, in 1759, Friedberg, the conductor of the oratorio for the Prince Esterhazy employed him to compose one to be played at Eisenstadt, the residence of the prince. When the day of performance arrived, the symphony commenced; but in the middle of the first allegro the prince interrupted the performance by asking who was the composer of *so fine a thing*? 'Haydn,' replied Friedberg, presenting him to the prince, who cried, 'What! such music by such a nigger? Well, nigger, henceforth you are in my service. What is your name?' 'Joseph Haydn.' 'Go and dress yourself as a chapel-master, I don't like to see you so. You are too little, and your face is insignificant. Get a new coat, a curled wig, bands, and red heels; but let them be high, that the stature may correspond with your merit. Do you understand? Go, and everything will be given to you.'" Add to this, that Mozart, when organist to the Archbishop of Salzburg, was sent to eat with the servants and scullions of his prince, and sufficient reason may be gathered therefrom for England being selected as the nursing-mother of both the composers and their compositions. Sorry are we to place the name of the beloved Mendelssohn among the composers of the past, yet pleased are we to know that his works will live after him.

It is very creditable to any lover of the music of the past to endeavour to revive the spirit of love for that music. This credit is due to Mr. Chappel, whose entertainments of old English melodies has given a fresh impetus to that long dead-and-buried glory of our national institutions—and this, too, after it has been so long the fashion to despise and cast aside these few rare and touching melodies as too "slow," and too English, and too old, for the fast, foreign, and new-fashioned musical spirit of the present generation. We have had "Evenings of the Songs of Ireland," "Nights with Burns" and the poetry of Scotland; and now and again we have "Hours with the Welsh bards;" but few and feeble have been the attempts to give English nationality to what is nationally English. This is the more to be regretted since there is no country in the world where the loves and memories of HOME are so socially and domestically revered, and out of which, in past times, so much of music and characteristic poetry has been drawn. Certain it is that, so far as the present age is concerned, future generations will have to pass over the middle or the nineteenth century to times anterior, for any records of truly national music. And among the names which we have already recorded as the creators of that national music will be found those of Arne, Shield, Arnold, Dibdin, Carey, and in some wise, Stevenson and Bishop.

When managed in the right spirit, and directed to right uses, music forms a most valuable branch of education. Hence our desire for its purity—our wish that an art so humanizing, so brute-taming, shall hold its ancient and honoured position in our institutions, and in our homes. Much of the civilizing power of music we have witnessed for ourselves with great gratification, in going to and fro

through our dear old stream-singing, wood-warbling country. In mechanics' institutes and other places of the kind, the attractions of music might be oftener supplied, where working men with their families might enjoy harmless recreation, and so be less tempted to resort to scenes of hurtful excitement.

Several years ago, after a long season of musical probation, the spirit of improvement took possession of our professors and teachers of music, mainly brought about by the popular systems of Mainzer and Hullah, which revolutionized the old system and its theories. The starting of two led to imitation by many, till the musical public was overrun with new methods of learning to sing. Nevertheless, the first in the field held the position; and without questioning the soundness of the principles or analyzing their details in any way, Messrs. Mainzer and Hullah opened up a new era by circulating their modes of teaching throughout the United Kingdom. And if they did nothing more, they morally improved the minds of thousands who otherwise might have had no stimulating influences to direct them to the pleasant fields of harmony.

#### CHRISTMAS.

Tax time is solemn, but it is not sad;  
The dim descending year may cast its shade  
Across our path, and tempt us to lament  
The loss of brighter, greener days; but still  
The heart appeals to that which cannot die,  
And now is open most to charity.  
For love is a perennial plant, and blooms  
Alike in every clime and every soil:  
But this her special season. Not when Spring  
Warms the young blood, and stimulates the force  
Of appetite and fancy, but when all  
Th' unbroken family are met once more  
Around some well-known hearth, and give the rein  
To household pleasures. Draw the curtains close  
And pile the blazing fire. Check not the clear  
Bright laugh of childhood; but call young and old  
To festive gambols. Spread the table well  
With hospitable cheer. Let genial Mirth  
With Innocence go hand in hand. Now drown  
Each rankling grievance in the rising tide  
Of deep domestic happiness. Forget  
The fierce anxieties of life. Forget  
The dreary world without, or give more thanks  
For comforts so contrasted with its gloom.  
But oh! remember such as share them not;  
Amidst thy banquet think upon the poor,  
And grudge them not their portion, lest they cry  
To heaven against thee, and so shut the gates  
Of mercy on thy prayer. Fear not that God  
Will frown upon his children's pastime. Go,  
Enjoy his bounty freely, but withal  
Show mercy to his creatures. Nay, thou churl,  
Scan not their faults too sharply, unless thou  
Thyself art faultless. But consider well  
They are Christ's legacy. Thy gifts to them  
Are by himself endorsed. To send away  
A suppliant is to turn *Him* from your door.  
With these—the open heart, and open hand—  
E'en freezing winter has its joys.  
Come then, and let us learn to kneel awhile  
Around the death-bed of another year,  
And think how God has led us, by a way  
We knew not, through the wilderness of life;  
Has taught our ignorance, has heard our prayers,  
Has healed our sorrows, and relieved our wants,  
Crowned us with mercies, shielded us from foes,  
Has given his Son to suffer in our stead,  
Has sent his Spirit to renew our hearts,  
And opened immortality to man.

BELLA.

WINK  
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No.